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ESSAYS
OF THE LAST CENTURY,
BY PROTEUS ECHO.

No. 15.

Modo fit obsequens, hilaris, comis, communis, concordis, dum id quod petit, potitur.
Ex aure ejus stalagmium domi habeo.
CÆCIL. FRAG.

VICES for the generality, are more easily discoverable by others, than by the criminals themselves; as standers-by can frequently detect a blot, which escapes those who are employed in the heat of the game. But although this rule will hold good with respect to most other faults, yet there is one particular crime which the guilty are more conscious to than even the person wronged; and that is *flattery*. This is a vice of so subtle and intriguing a nature, that it may dance in a man's head, and play upon his tongue, and yet conceal itself from the whole world besides. It may roll in the eyes of a coquet, or glide through the eloquence of a beau, and yet neither of the designing hypocrites be sensible of the artifice of one another. I have seen it spread a deep attention upon the face of a dependant, when his patron has been telling a story; and smile on the lips of a debtor, as often as the creditor has been pleased to jest. Nay, I have not been without my fears, lest it might possibly, one time or other, seize the pens of some of my brother authors, and *dedicate* to an honest well-meaning gentleman, an odd qualification or two, which he might be entirely innocent of.

The arts of flattery are very various, and of a more or less delicate nature, as they are managed by men of weaker or stronger capacities. A coxcomb will give you to your face, a long detail of your envied accomplishments; while one of a more politick turn will only speak the same things to your friend, who he is sure will tell you again. A young beginner in this mystery, will take care how he tells you of your slips; but a practitioner of greater experience throws you out half a dozen blunders of his own, to keep you in countenance.

In order to be a thorough proficient in this polite science, we should have a good insight to human nature in general, and a knowledge of the person's mind in particular, whom we intend to flatter. This is necessary, because we may otherwise commend a person for that which he has no ambition to excel in, or perhaps, may despise and ridicule. Besides, a perfect understanding of a man's powers and inclinations, will make the flatterer to blanch him, in a way that shall only wear the face of strict impartiality and justice. *Harry Smooth* is a pattern in this particular. I was a few days ago with

him to visit a gentleman whose chief pride is to excel in the polite tongues. When *Harry* with a volubility addressed himself to the gentleman, *Sir*, says he *allowing what all mankind does, that you are a perfect master of the* Latin, *the* Greek, *the* French *and the* Italic *languages*; *yet I could not forbear contradicting Mr.* Polish, *when he tother day affirmed, you was very fluent in the* Wild-Irish. This accuracy of Mr. *Smooth* is certainly very useful and necessary in a flatterer; for what signifies complimenting *him* with skill in poetry, who seeks the name of mathematician?

Methinks there is no vice which at one view shows meanness, danger, and injustice, in a greater degree than flattery. Nothing appears more base and abject, than to see a cringing parasite, ever on the watch, to assent to, and applaud all that his patron says or acts. How little does the wretch look, even in the eyes of the very person to whom he endeavours to recommend himself? what must a man of sense think of such a fawning creature? for my own part if I must be flattered, I had much rather it should be done with spirit and resolution, than in such a dull grovelling manner.

But take the flatterer at his best and most artful managements yet, even then, he acts beneath the dignity of a rational creature, while he submits to such a low dependance and slavery. Add to this, that he is in perpetual danger of being detected in his despicable tricks, and becoming an universal hiss and odium. In short, I advise all my readers to speak sincerely, till they are demonstratively assured that their fraud will never be unmasked.

If flattery be mean and dangerous in the flatterer, 'tis no less so in him who allows it. A desire after reputation built on a meaner basis than merit, betrays a narrow soul, and renders the person ridiculous. I cannot see what advantage it will be of to me, to be commended for actions which I never performed, and admired for talents I was never owner of. Perhaps those gentlemen who are so celebrated as the writers of these my elaborate speculations, would be altogether as great geniuses, if it were more generally known that they have no manner of hand in them.

However, the meanness of him who courts flattery, is not greater than the danger he runs by allowing those false applauses. It tends to swell up his mind with pride and arrogance, which will render him insupportable in this world, and ruin him in the next. The man who hears every mouth filled with his worth and excellencies, learns to deify himself, to spurn his fellow creatures, and rival his maker.

The injustice of flattery appears from many considerations, of which I shall only mention one or two. It is unjust to the man himself, as it puts him out of a capacity ever to be approved when he deserves well. If he is complimented with excellencies when he shows none, what can they say more of him when he really discovers them? If the words, a *fine gentleman*, a *complete scholar*, together with *generosity*, *candour*, *penetration* and *impartiality*, stand for nothing, how shall we clothe the ideas we have for them, when we have really occasion to express them.

By thus admiring every one equally, we shall not be true to any. What is a direction to poets, may perhaps indifferently serve for dedicators, and other branches of the plain-dealing world;

For sure this truth to poets should be known,
That praising all alike is praising none.

I must freely acknowledge that it seems to me but a piece of equity, to give the true characters of persons, when we are obliged to speak about them. And if so, as it is a fault to flatter persons to their faces, so it is wrong to give them too good a character when they are absent. I know some for whom I have the highest value, who seem fond of the character, of being never heard to speak a harsh word of an absent person: but, with all due submission to their better judgments, I could never see the beauty and propriety of such over-officious circumspection. I think it would be much more for the good of mankind, if we allowed ourselves sometimes to speak freely of one another, provided we always kept within the limits of truth and prudence. By this means, men would have stronger excitations and motions to square their actions by the rules of decency, than they have, when they are conscious that let them do what they will, people will never dare to condemn them, least they should be guilty of scandal.

Though flattery be vile and detestable, yet most certainly the amiable strokes in the character of a man of worth ought to be observed and spoken of. Fame and reputation is the undoubted tribute of desert, and ought to be paid by every one who has any sense of honour and generosity. It is from this principle, that I have always acknowledged merit, wherever I have discovered it; nor have I been backward, while I have consciously adhered to what I was perswaded to be strict truth, to hint such things to the person himself, which I always asserted more largely and emphatically to others. I do not look upon it as flattery, if I sometimes give a gentleman or lady to understand, what I sincerely believe in their favour. I know the world is generally averse to this, and would keep the secret of a man's fame as much as may be from his own ears: But as I have always thought reputation to be the revenue of merit, so I could never value myself upon a good name while I did not know whether I had one. The common plea against this practice, of telling a man what others say in his praise, is, that it is apt to stir up and quicken the seeds of pride in his mind, and spirits him to despise and contemn his fellow creatures. But this may receive a very easy answer. The man to whom you can say most in this respect, is generally the least apt to be hurt by it; and in proportion as you can fairly applaud him, he has wisdom to bear it without damage. Nay, it not only, in a negative sense, is not pernicious, but often of great service, to animate and encourage a fine modest genius, which would otherwise sleep in retirement and obscurity.

I shall conclude these thoughts upon flattery, with desiring my correspondents in their future letters to me, not to be too extravagant in their compliments and encomiums. To confess a truth, I am naturally of a pretty diffident constitution, and very unapt to believe what they so seriously testify of me. I can never be brought to assure myself, (though I have now by me an hundred and twenty seven letters and an half, to convince me of it,) that I *Proteus Echo* am the most inimitable writer in the whole world. Alas, the world is a great place, and, let my admirers say what they

please, how do I know but in some other parts there may be authors, in some respects, as great as I? I could here, with great satisfaction, and great humility too no doubt, tell the publick how much respect I have met with from the whole body of the learned in *America*, not to mention the eulogiums I have received from all quarters of the other continent. How august it would sound, if I should repeat the judicious sentiments of that famous *German* philosopher, professor *Johannes Pedantius*, when he calls me, *magna literarum atlas*! With the same ease and tranquillity, I could insert the whole letter of that most profound Brachman *Mompophorazer*, which is entirely filled with panegyrick on me, after the manner of the swelling and pompous eastern style. But this being written in the *Chinese* language, it may be some of my readers might not so well comprehend it. I shall therefore wavethe mention of this particular, except only that passage, where he is pleased to tell me I am the *ruby of the morning, the green ocean, and the very sack-posset of humanity*. Indeed, this last phrase especially, is somewhat different from our ordinary way of speaking; nor is it translated literally, the original word being the name of a certain liquor peculiar to *China*, which however is best resembled to our English sack-posset.

But to lay aside these foreign strains, I shall finish my paper with producing the twenty seventh letter I have received (all of the same importance) from our learned and judicious university at *Cambridge*.

TO PROTEUS ECHO, ESQ.

Sublimest Metropolitan,

"We, the adunated filiuns of *Harvard*, present our perlætan vectigals at the conditiorium of your insignissiman dignity. Your salutations shall be inflated through the ætherial expanse, by very famigerating and stentorious suffragium of humanity. We also adumbrated by the protection of your sufferance, hope to conscend to the heights of existimation. So epilogising. We are," &c. &c. E.

ANECDOTES,

RELATIVE TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

MR. MURPHY is a barrister at law, an ingenious dramatic writer, and a successful translator of Tacitus; yet in *getting on*, as his brethren of the profession call it, in Westminster-hall, he hath been outstripped by many of his cotemporaries, to whom he is far superior in legal acquirement, as well as natural capacity.

An old associate of Mr. Murphy's, to whom I once remarked this circumstance, would not allow that his tardy progress as a lawyer, was owing to diffidence, frequently the companion of merit *but not always of an Irishman*; nor to his want of energy and dexterity in the business of human life, often observed in literary men: "The great fault of Murphy," said my Mentor, who had in his day united the three characters of a jockey, a fresh-water-sailor, and a solicitor, "the sin for which he will never be forgiven, was, his appearing on the wrong side of the political running post, on a certain occasion, when so many able men and *special pleaders*, were thrown out, and distanced."

The difficulty of deciding on man's real character, through the thick mists of prejudice and malevolence, has often been lamented; and if we were bound to submit implicitly to the decisions of certa

writers, or the subject of this article, five-and-thirty years ago, he would be deemed a dull author, and unqualified for the various and important tasks he has undertaken; yet nothing can be further from truth, his dramatic pieces drew crowded houses, and some of them still continue popular.

As *modern comedies*, I confess they please me; in most of them correct gaiety of dialogue, an interesting succession of incidents, and lively repartee, are conspicuous; he appears indeed to have perused the play-writers of his own and a neighbouring country, with advantage and attention, but seldom without acknowledgement; they may be compared without fear to the best productions of those men, *or their descendants*, who at a certain period, were incessantly abusing and persecuting him.

When Mr. Murphy's intention to translate Tacitus was announced, a certain invidious compiler, and a political opponent loudly prophecied, that he would fail, and now insists, that his prediction is fulfilled; having at the moment presumed to differ with this literary Procrustes, I still persist in my opinion. The notes are pleasant reading, and many of them original, but would have been equally valuable and more generally current, if certain political allusions to the transient subject of the day, had not been so often introduced; it is not, that the editor's observations, are at all amiss, but a translation of Tacitus, is not exactly the place, where we expect to find them.

The first acknowledged production of Mr. Murphy's pen, was a spirited defence of General Bligh, who commanded in the unsuccessful affair of St. Cas, for which, at his return he was unjustly blamed; the young pamphleteer, applied a story to the circumstances of the case, which was thought applicable; "two men were walking on the banks of a river, into which one of them fell, and would have been inevitably drowned, but for the efforts of his companion, who drew him out by the hair of his head.

"The man whose life was saved, meeting his deliverer a few days after, instead of approaching him with gratitude and politeness, abused and threatened to cane him, for *lugging* him so ungenteelly by the hair of his head, and pulling out a gentleman in so unhandsome and unbecoming a manner."

Mr. Murphy became the opponent of Wilkes, and his famed North-Briton, and afforded a striking example of the possibility of being a political antagonist, without violating private friendship, or outraging the manners of a gentleman. He conducted, if I mistake not, a periodical paper, called the Auditor, but I have good reason for thinking, that he was NOT handsomely rewarded by Lord Bute; the barrister did not exhibit sufficient virulence, and scurrility for a political pamphleteer, and a servant of all work; in these respects he was greatly excelled by many of his cotemporaries.

The APPRENTICE, his first effort as a dramatic writer, was a laughable and well-timed farce, which effectually checked a ridiculous propensity to spouting and acting, at that time a fashionable folly, particularly injurious to the steadiness and diligence of the young tradesmen of the metropolis. Though censured by the critics as irregular, it exhibits many dramatic requisites, became popular, and was introduced to the public with a singular accompaniment; the author

dressed in deep mourning, and who in early life had a strong inclination for acting, spoke the prologue which was propitiatory, written by Mr. Garrick, and of course good; for in hitting off such little temporary effusions, poor David has never been equalled; I cannot resist the temptation to repeat a few of the lines.

Behold a wonder for theatric story,
The culprit of the night appears before you;
Before his judges dares these boards to tread,
'With all his imperfections on his head.'
No *acted* fears my vanity betray,
I am indeed what others only play;
Tho' coarse my colours and my hand unskill'd,
From real life my canvasses are fill'd.
My hero is a youth by fate design'd
For culling simples, but whose stage-struck mind,
Nor sense could rule, nor his indentures bind.
A place there is, where such young Quixotes meet,
'Tis call'd the Spouting Club, a glorious treat;
Where 'prentic'd kings alarm the gaping street.
There Brutus starts and stares by midnight taper,
Who all the day enacts, a woollen draper;
There Hamlet's ghost starts forth with double fist,
And frightens Denmark's prince, a young tobacconist.
Not young attornies have this rage withstood,
But chang'd their pens for truncheons, ink for blood.
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
To check such heroes and their laurels crop,
To bring them back to reason, and their shop,
Is all our aim. — — —

It was not long after that Mr. Murphy performed the part of Othello with considerable applause, and many times; but being admonished by his friends, that as he had chosen the profession of the law, his acting on a London theatre might injure him as a barrister, he soon after relinquished the stage for ever, as a performer.

Yet this attempt could not escape the malignancy of Churchill:

Can none remember, yes, I know all must,
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,
When o'er the stage he folly's standard bore,
While common sense stood trembling at the door.

The lines are good, and the parody on a fine ranting passage in Lee's Alexander, well rallied, yet nothing could be further from truth, as Mr. Murphy displayed a happy union of judgment and energy, and was much applauded; such is too often the variance between poetry and matter of fact.

The Orphan of China was his next production, which fully answered public expectation, and deserves the praises it received; though occasionally treading in the footsteps of Voltaire, in the two first acts, he has considerably improved on him; for the play of the ingenious Frenchman, with all its merits, if literally translated and acted, would not have been tolerated a single night by a London audience; an Englishman cannot listen to the frigid narrative, long declamations, and whining love-scenes, formerly the characteristic of French tragedy.

His Desert Island, an imitation of Metastasio, or rather of Shakespeare's Tempest, was performed, the same night, with the Orphan of China; the author called it a dramatic poem, but venturing into a path, which no one ever trod with tolerable success, but the Stratford Bard, he did not succeed; its acknowledged poetical beauties

and its pretty songs, admirably set by Dr. Arne, could not compensate with an English audience for a want of bustle; the author might have recollected, that nothing but sweet echo, warbled by some enchanting syren, and two other songs, can prevail on a London mob, great as well as little, to tolerate even Milton's Comus, with all its classic language, and correct imagery.

Most of my readers have been amused with THE WAY TO KEEP HIM, a comedy, written for the express purpose of teaching women to make home agreeable, if they expect to keep their husbands there: it is a sort of practical commentary, on the excellent, but old fashioned song;

Ye fair married dames who so often deplore,
That a lover once bless'd, is a lover no more;
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
Use the man that you wed like your favorite guitar,
Tho' there's music in both, they are both apt to jar,
They should never be us'd, but with delicate touch
Nor be handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much.

Mr. Murphy appears to have written it, after a perusal of Congreve's Way of the World; but it is in my opinion far superior.

A friend frequently mentioned in this collection, once bespoke at a little village theatre, I believe a barn, Congreve's play, and The Way to keep Him, written originally in three acts, as an after piece; the house filled, and although the decision of country critics is not technically decisive, yet they know and feel what pleases them; the resemblance though sufficiently palpable to *learned eyes*, escaped *their* notice, but one and all preferred the entertainment, as they called Mr. Murphy's piece, to Congreve's play.

But to return to Mr Murphy; it was not long after the success of His Way to keep Him, that having been long provoked by the rude malignity of a poetic triumvirate, Churchill, Lloyd, and Colman, who then tyranized over the literary world, he published his Examiner, a satirical poem, in which he attacked his enemies in their own way. He thus speaks of his various assailants.

"See Authors on all sides desert their dens,
New edge their blunted wits and nib their pens;
All who in distant Hockley Hole reside.
— — — — — —
All who in Moorfields scrawl a darken'd cell,
In the King's Bench, or at the Compter dwell,
On Ludgate Hill who bloody murders write,
Or pass in Fleet-street supperless the night.
All form their ranks, they rail, they doom me dead,
And hurl their inky thunders at my head.
Still must I hear and never once reply,
To all the malice of the scribling fry,
Shall Lloyd and Churchill with epistles teaze,
And dine upon me whensoe'er they please."

His applying the following simile to the author of the Rosciad, is said to have very much irritated Churchill:

"Thus some huge marble block — —
— — — — — —
— — — pleasing to the sight,
Where the blue veins meander and unite,
Oft, when the workman cleaves the pond'rous load,
Strange to relate, he finds a lurking toad."

In answer to the accusations of plagiarism brought against him perpetually by Colman, he thus replies.

"Yes, I will roam through each poetic shade,
Taste ev'ry fount, and visit every glade;

Crop from each antient's brow the fairest flow'r,
And follow genius to th' Aonian bow'r,
Haply one spark of inspiration gain,
Or from the muse, or muse inspired train.
And if, like Phillip's son I sigh in vain,
For some new world's yet unexplor'd domain;
Like him, yet let me make the old my own,
Its manners view, and leave no track unknown."

His pleasant farce, The CITIZEN, followed next, and was succeeded by THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER, which is said to have been the most successful and satisfactory of his pieces; indeed this affecting story, so often delineated by historians, poets, and painters, could not fail of producing a powerful effect in the hands of a man of dramatic experience, and master of stage effect; two points as essential to the success of a play-writer as genius.

Having in his Grecian Daughter awakened the mild emotions of sympathy and pity; in ALZUMA, a story founded on the Spanish exterminations in Peru, he boldly explored the regions of the terrible and sublime, but was accused of rushing into *outre* and *extravaganza*; his enemies observed, that having on former occasions robbed the living at Paris, he had now been stripping the dead in Greece, and instead of a proper English tragedy, had been translating Sophocles and Euripides, changing only the names of persons and places.

NO ONE'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN, in my opinion, the best and most original of his little pieces, was condemned, as was WHAT WE MUST ALL COME TO, by a base combination of literary envy and party malignity; the last, after a period of fourteen years, being revived under the title of THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE, was received with considerable applause.

After a long pause, in order to rest from his legal labours, some of which were not of the most soothing kind, and having recovered from certain political disappointments, his best play, KNOW YOUR OWN MIND, was performed at Covent Garden; in this comedy, he has happily contrasted heavy sentimental slander, with light, off-hand, unstudied, pleasantry; the genteel rattan of polite raillery, with the bludgeon of base malignity. The *Irresolu* of D'Estouches is said to have been in his eye, yet the French is trash compared to the Englishman's sterling; a rich and original vein of genuine humour, and piquante dialogue pervades every scene, and what is not the case with *all* Mr. Murphy's comedies, his good things are said by English characters, wholly of our own growth; some of the *running down scenes* of Dashwould, said to have been drawn as a portrait of Foote, cannot be excelled for *desperate, untameable vivacity*.

Sir George Squanderstock's handkerchief tied up into knots by way of parliamentary memorandums, and going the next morning with his country and the minority into the suds; the beau drinking valerian tea, and putting on false calves to his legs; the Baron (a fact) who had been put three times on the fire at Bath, and the dramatis might have added, once transfixed to a card table with a fork through his hand; Jack Spinbrain murdering other people's reputation, and at last, a suicide of his own; lawyers writing notes on Shakespeare, deaf nabobs ravished at concerts and blind ones collecting pictures, an officer of a marching regiment with a black eye, and a hair-dresser wounded in the sword arm, are hit off in a happy style.

The politician in petticoats, a fierce republican, who talks of the dagger of Brutus, while she is pinning her tucker, and says more of ship than of pin-money; who scolds at the royalists, gossips against the act of settlement, has the fidgets for Magna Charta, and flirts her fan at the ministry and a standing army; was a rough sketch taken from Mrs. Macaulay.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

I have often wondered, how ambition came to be thought the mark of a *great* soul. Montaigne and Montesquieu join it to a *little* one; and they have certainly this in their favour, that it is as common to the lowest and meanest, as to the most exalted compositions. Yet Dryden calls ambition "the glorious fault of angels and of gods:" and even Clarendon has not scrupled to say, that, if ambition "be a vice, it loves to grow in a rich soil." If by *growing in a rich soil*, he means growing out of a *great* soul, we may be the more surprised, because he ascribes the exorbitant ambition of Cardinal Wolsey to the *poverty and lowness of his birth*, and makes it *most natural to men of the meanest extraction*. It is, I believe, a matter of fact, that men of mean birth, who are bred in low sentiments, and accustomed to stare at parade and shew (falsely, very falsely, called *magnificence*) with a kind of adoration, are always the most inordinate in their pursuits after them, and of all others the hardest to be satisfied: while others of ingenuous and liberal parentage, being familiarized to them from the first opening of their eyes, are more often content with the sphere they are born in, and with a supply for those habits to which they are trained.

PRINCE EUGENE.

A pretty remarkable occurrence happened to prince Eugene, during the siege of Lisle. His Highness received a letter from some unknown hand, and upon opening it, found it contained a greasy paper, which he immediately and fortunately let fall on the ground; his aid-de-camp took it up and smelled at it, and was directly seized with a giddiness, insomuch, that they were obliged to give him an antidote: this paper was then tied about a dog's neck for an experiment, and he died within twenty-four hours, notwithstanding a counter-poison was given him. The officers about the Prince expressed their concern at the accident; he replied, without the least emotion, 'You need not wonder at it, gentlemen; I have received several letters of this sort before now.'

PLAGUE OF 1646.

The following are some of the public directions given during this tremendous calamity in the English metropolis, and introduced, in this place, on the unerring principle, that it is as important to prevent, as to remedy.

'Every house *visited* shall be marked with a red cross, in the middle of the door, which mark shall at least be a foot in length and of a proportionate breadth, with the following words in legible characters accompanying it, LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US; these to continue on the door of the house, until the lawful opening of the same.

"The searchers, chirurgeons,

keepers and buriers, shall never pass the streets without a red rod in their hands of three feet in length, open and evident to be seen by all they meet.

"They shall not go into any house but their own, and they shall wholly abstain from company.

"The street shall daily be pared and kept clean before each door, the paring, scraping, and filth to be immediately carried away by the raker, who shall give notice of his approach by blowing a horn.

"Laystalls shall be at a proper distance from the city, and no vault shall on any account be emptied in any garden, or in any other place, adjoining to the same.

"Special care shall be taken that no stinking fish, unwholsome flesh, or musty corn be sold in the shops or markets; the brewers and tipling houses must also be well looked after, and no unwholsome casks must be suffered; no hogs, dogs, cats, tame pigeons, or tame rabbits shall be kept."

The subsequent Monody is taken from an English publication. The poetry is beautiful, and the pathos impressive. It has a tenderness, that charms. The beams of genius deepen from contrast the shades of affliction, and yet the eye is relieved by gazing on the sunshine and the shade.

"It is written on the death of a lovely little girl about two years old, who, travelling with its mother between Durham and York, played with the handle of the coach door until it unwittingly opened the latch, when, dreadful to relate! the door opened, and the child fell out. The agonized mother, endeavouring to save it, caught at its petticoats; but failing in the attempt, it was, by that means, drawn back, so as to fall near the wheel, which went over it, and fractured its skull, and occasioned its death a few hours afterwards. This accident happened September 15, 1796; and the unfortunate infant is buried in Easingwold church-yard."

O'ER the new mound that warrants this
thy grave,
A stranger muse, sweet babe! thy fate
shall wail—
Shall add her tribute to the passing gale
That, plaintive, whistles as the yew tree
wave;
And, whilst the moon-beam plays
Upon the glassy stream,
Or glimmers thro' the haze,*
Thy artless, fondling ways
Shall be my theme.

Nurs'd in the bosom of parental love
Ah! well I know the joy thy smiles would
bring;
Joy, such as watchful seraphs must ap-
prove,
Joy, which to forfeit, who would be
king?
And when thy little feet,
To nature promptly true,
First ran thy sire to meet,
Oh! how his heart would beat
With rapture at the view.

Oft had thy tender mother, as she pre
Thy supple form in her yet feeble arms,
To soothe thine infant murmurings t
rest,
Oft had she quieted her fond alarms,
And hush'd the fears prevailing in he
breast,
By hoping days would come, when sh
should see
Her every care repaid, by grace bestow'
on thee.

Not such the will of heaven, and wh
shall dare
Arraign the justice of the power divin
Man must full many a burthen bear!
And, hapless mother! great indeed w
thine—
Soon as the promis'd bliss began t
dawn,
Thy hop'd for joy is o'er,
Soon as thy babe began to lisp an
fawn,

* *Allusive to the mists that sometimes a
pear and recede, several times successively,
autumnal evenings, near rivers, or on
marshy grounds.*

It breathes no more !
Methinks I see its sweetly eager eye,
Methinks I see its pretty playful hand.
The one intent some gew-gaw to descry,
The other stretch'd, that gew-gaw† to command ;
Around the candle so the insect plays
With wild surprise,
'Till buzzing near the blaze,
'Tis caught and dies.

And oh ! sweet babe, methinks I see thee fall,
And almost what thy mother felt, I feel ;
Yet no ! that cannot be—
She bore and nurtur'd thee
Thy infant arms did round her neck entwine.
Therefore her sorrow mine would mock'ry call ;
But that I anguish know,
Witness this sigh of woe,
Witness these tears that flow,
Witness the ardent prayer I send to heaven for mine.‡

Full oft shall mem'ry paint the fatal scene,
And mournful fancy rest upon thy bier,
And many a father's sigh, and mother's tear ;
And many a pitying child shall linger here
Each sultry noon,
And lift its hands, and shake its head,
And bid its comrades softly tread
Upon the beauteous baby's head,
Who died so soon.

† *The latch of the coach door.*
‡ *The Monody is written by a mother.*

MAXIMS.

Travelling to boobies is of infinite use, since it changes them from lethargic blockheads, into prating coxcombs; it improves them, as bottling does small-beer, which then becomes brisk without growing stronger. On the other hand it gives ease and a polish to men of sense and learning, which nothing else can supply: a judicious mixture of those refined manners in which our neighbours excel, adds a grace and a brilliancy to every solid accomplishment, and completes what may be justly called the fine gentleman; as our weavers use wool of a finer growth than our native fleeces, to carry the manufacture to its utmost perfection.

Vice and Folly may feel the edge of wit, but virtue is invulnerable ; as aqua fortis can only penetrate and dissolve base metals, its corrosive quality being incapable of affecting gold.

Men are attracted towards each other by general sympathy, but kept from contact by private interests.

Severity of reproof, like a file, may be disagreeable in its operations ; but hard and rusty metals will be the brighter for it.

INTELLIGENCE.

Proposals are issued in Norfolk for publishing The whole Trial of Commodore James Barron, Capt. Charles Gordon, James Hale, Esq. and William Hook. The work will be comprised in one volume and sold at one dollar seventy-five cents, in boards.

Now publishing in Washington, An Address to the People of the U. States on the importance of encouraging Agriculture and Domestic Manufactures : tending to shew that by a due encouragement of these essential interests, the nation will be rendered more respectable abroad and more prosperous at home. Together with an account of the Improvements in Sheep at Arlington, the native Sheep of Smith's Island, and the plans proposed of extending this valuable race of animals, for the benefit of the country at large—by *George W P. Custis*, Esq. of Arlington House, in the District of Columbia.

A new federal paper, entitled " The Review," has recently been established in the city of New York, on quite a novel plan ; the matter being *entirely original*, and mostly consisting of speculations on the present state of our political affairs It is handsomely printed, and as handsomely conducted, by Mr. Lazarus Beach. It consists of 4 quarto pages, printed every Tuesday and Friday.— Price 6 cents each ; or 1 dollar for 26 numbers to those who pay that sum in advance.

POETRY.

EXTRACTS FROM
MARMION; OR, *A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.*

(Continued)

LOCHINVAR—LADY HERON'S SONG.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!—
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar.

'I've seen your verses,' Smatter cries,
'And duller stuff I never read!'—
'Are you quite sure,' the bard replies
'No fault was in my reader's head'

The jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipestaves, are but hoop'd in a tub;
And in a close confederacy link,
For nothing else, but only to hold

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